

A NEW
SATYR.
Written Against,
LYING

Ag^t int^r Watson of Clements Inn.
28. Sept. 1682.

TIs reported about this Famous Town,
There is a Man Pretending to the Gown.
One that is Much given unto Lying,
The high-way to a Man's never dying.
For which by all good Men he is blamed,
And him in Question call'd and named.
That he should be giv'n to such folly,
As each Whore-master has his Trolly Lolly.
A Gent the noble Picture of the brave,
Such Company detests, they will not have.
A Lyar, being as bad as a Thief,
Mushroomes, more fit for him, then powdred Beef.
Romancers are, fitter Companions, for Knaves,
High-way Men, Foot-pads, and such as lie in Caves.
Then Men offence, and Understanding high,
Th' mighty *Favorites*, of the mighty Sky.
A Talkative Fellow's, like an unbrac'd Drum,
Talking the more, after a Glas of Mum.
All his discourse avails so very small,
It troubles the Hearers, and their *Organs*, all.
For Gent love Men that they of wit should talk,
Whereby in Conversations Grove to walk.
Any, thing that's ingenious to be understood,
Honors th' Blazing Star of the Purest blood.
He walk'd to *France*, and lay with the *French King*,
A Rope, he did, that's more a probable thing.
Where he went for an *English Marquis's* gay,
So that the Ladies there, with him did play.
An *English-man's* in esteem th' *World* over,
From *Turky* to crose the *Lyne* to *Dover*.
For Lyars, they need to be well hung,
With fine words, good memory, and a Song.
Wore cloathes, for seven years together, (ther.
Strange some things, don't change in no kind of wea-
Then running a Man through his Silk-Stockings fine,
'Twas ask'd by some, Gent noble, and Divine,
How he perceived that they were Silk or no,
Said, a Lifeguard-Man in Boots wore them you
An answer strang to know silk through Boots, (know.
Like a Musician, plays on Violin and Lutes.
A Lyar like Angry Gamesters, drives at all,
Having lost his Money, though it was but small.
For he that gives himself to so base a thing,
Turns *Adder*, and all Mankind does sting.
Then for his Diet, 'tis nine-pence every Meal,
He loveth flesh, but hateth Fish and Tael.

A Trencher Man, in that very compleat,
He knows his Stomack, and knows how to Eat.
Like the *Wale*, devours all the little Fry,
From Mut on, Lamb, and so, to Pudding-Pye.
He is a Poet too, now is his time,
To answer this, for I have, divulg'd his crime.
Answer he must, although it will be weak,
Vice is a Coward, and out of doors, does creep.
For what can a Man say, to a great Truth?
No more than for to say, Man has no Tooth.
Which each person condemns from common sense,
By Natures light, and her intelligence.
Whose Pictur's lately drawn, 'twas very foul,
Of all Creatures, the likeliest to an Owl.
One *Monster* beholding of another,
The form of him, who is a younger Brother.
As *Aesop's Crow*, by th' Birds was hooted at,
By every Cock, Mag-Pie, Chicken, and Cat.
So is a Liar laughed at by Men,
Like to a *German Goose*, or a *French Hen*.
A Liar is a Traitor to his own Soul,
Where will he go, when after Death must roll?
For a Romancer only deals with Fate,
Rendring him unhappy, in his humane state.
For a Man making it, his business to lie,
Is neither fit to live, nor fit to die.
Nor fit to mount to the blest Joyes on High,
Where will he go, neither know You or I.

HIS GHOST.

Beware, beware you much untoward Fiend,
Else you will come to an intimely end.
Th' Oracle, Proclaiming against the Lying-Crew,
They shall not enter th' *Jerusalem New*.
But go to the Devil a pick a pack,
To open Hell's Wares, crying, what do ye lack?
Leave off the Vice, and you shall come in Agen,
To keep the Company of Gentlemen.
But if your resolv'd to persevere indeed,
Hell has its Chyrurgeons for to make you Bleed.
Lanch Cut open, and mangle your poor Thigh,
In its dark Regions to Eternity.